Poems

- Brian Edwards

I shall sleep
yet not dream
in this place
of crumbling
statues
can one
dream here now
can one
even dream
yet I shall sleep
and float upon
a tide
tranquil
and that numbs
the senses
for in these days
many seek
to numb the senses
I shall sleep
as finding
a salvation
in a dream
is no longer
possible here
in these days
when the winds
howl
with a most
telling music

***

- 5/29/2026

At a bend
in a river
in a forest deep
sometimes
at dawn
in the right
conditions
a gateway opens
to a place
beyond this place
this place
where time
passing like
a river
never yielding
in its flowing
there at times
a gateway appears
and a different
blue sky is seen
and if we are bold
we may cross through
the gate
to a place
where time flows
yet yields
to our wishes
yes ...
we may
go through
the gate
and make time yield
to our wishes
and so we shall not
be seen again
in that
old world of ours
and it is as
we wish it to be

***

- 5/30/2026

Night of shadows
and a crescent Moon
under the bridge
down by the bay
a couple
of old drunks
drink cheap beer
and bullshit
the night away

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- 5/31/2026

Laugh now
when you
think of me
you cold
heartless
icy one

***

- 5/31/2026

There in the field
of tall grass
at twilight
the essence
of something
lingers
the essence
of something
that clings
to the soil
the essence
of something
that lingers
among
the tall grass
awaiting discovery
by the intuitive
soul
the astute
passer by
who looks upon
the field
of tall grass
and the colorful sky
of the twilight
they sense something
they know not what
with certainty
a multitude
of memories perhaps
they are inclined
to believe this
to be so
as down the road
they go

***

- 6/1/2026

They have changed
many things
in my time
this is not
change that
I welcome
I see far too many
double-edged swords
strewn about
I wish that I had
more time
to wander down
the sandy trails
that I am
so fond of
these days
these days
I often wonder
if the
modern world
is a success
or if it's
a failure
have we lost
far more
than we
have gained
sometimes
I still look up
at the clouds
hoping to see
castles
and cathedrals
drifting by
and this is
one reason why
I wander down
those sandy trails
so early
in the morning

***

- 6/2/2026

The bees
have gathered
in my wall
now what
am I to do
there a dwelling
they've made
for themselves
I like it not
yet what am I
to do
I have approached
them
and have
let them see
how much
bigger I am
to they
yet they
seemed not
to notice
and with
much content
they decided
that in my wall
they would stay

***

- 6/2/2026

There did
the dreamer dream
while storms
gathered
while omens
appeared
and melancholy
drifted in
like a fog
what could
the dreamer do
but dream
is that not
what dreamers do
is that not
what dreamers do
is that not
what dreamers
should do
as the crows
gather
foretelling
of impending doom
the dreamer decided
to dream
for a little while
longer
for to dream
is what dreamers do

***

- 6/2/2026

Alas this
starry night
is blessed
with the light
that only
stars possess
and as we gaze
upon the heavens
so fair
we know
our mortal time
is but
roses and thorns
upon the air

***

- 6/2/2026

The bills
come due
and the trees
are bare
Autumn is here
as the bills
are due
the bills know
where you are
they find you
they find you
when they
are due
and now
Autumn is here
the days
are little shorter
by degree
the trees
are bare
and the leaves
are tossed about
in the wind
O' that sound
that distinct
sound
of leaves
shuffled about
by the winds

***

- 6/3/2026

Down the
sandy trail
I find it
the place
that makes me
believe in beauty
a place
where the sky
and the Sun
bless the world
a place
that blends with
celestial gardens
down
the sandy trail
I find it
a meadow be it
or perhaps
an eternal dream
down the sandy trail
I find it
an eternal dream
that is with us
here upon
the Earth
down the sandy trail
always I'll find it
down the sandy trail

***

- 6/2/2026

When the winds
are like
howling wolves
when storm
and sorrow
are all about
we have a sight
within us
to guide us out
when the winds
howl like
the wolves
and battered
and cast out
and weary
we may be
yet we have
a sight
within us
that sees the way
to a bright dawn
of tomorrow's
tomorrow
let sorrow
and wolf-like wind
be appeased
and quelled
keep that sight
within thee clear
hold it dear
in thy reverence
it is salvation
when an hour
of desperation
is at hand

***

- 6/3/2026

In a time
when fools
are honored
by fools
and each day
the fools
say foolish
things
we recognize
as the talk
of fools
we know
that in
this time
there are
such fools
great fools
that walk
the Earth
with us
we have known this
all along
yet truly
we are still
surprised
by the degree
of how great
a fool
these fools can be
those fools
that in this age
walk the Earth
with you and me

***

- 6/3/2026

Lost
in the
coyote wind
I suppose I am
yet what
does it matter now
long days
spent in the maze
have taken
quite a toll
the bell
in the bell tower
breaks loose
falls
strikes the ground
with a little
sound
and rolls
but a little ways
out here
in the
coyote wind
the hourglass
is a true
sentinel
of lost time

***

- 6/3/2026

Drink one
to be numb
drink another
to be numb
some more
for why not feel
the pleasant feeling
of not feeling
they'll say a this
and a that
they'll say
yet who are they
from what
foggy bay
do they emerge
like a long day
of toil
for naught

***

- 6/3/2026

Tis a dark time
indeed it be
when no brighter
dawn
tomorrow we see
for fools
have been given
the scepter
and the throne
and now
all we wish
is to be
left the hell alone
I listen not
to the voices
of these times
they are all as
a ruckus
in the wind
I give my ear
to the chimes
a sound
far more fair
than the voices
of the bickering fools
that bicker over
how to tax
the very air

***

- 6/3/2026

So let it
be announced
the twilight
is upon us now
and though
in a long journey
through
a dark night
we must go
when the dawn
may seem
such a long
time away
even in
this dark night
ahead
there will be
faint light
overhead
the stars
the stars
like distant candles
that await us
on our journey home
and even in
the dark night ahead
may we remember
that we
are not alone

***

- 6/3/2026

So it's like
a burning tree
in the night
in a dream
no explanation
given
for dreams
can and do occur
by random chance
so this is
an instance
of that
so dream
you dreamers
dream on
dream on
behold there
a tree aflame
in the night
that is
my dream
do you
see it to

***

- 6/4/2026

Cast off
your rusty
jaggedness
cast off
the iron chains
of thy
unknowing years
pray you listen
with attentive ears
the world
is speaking
to you
in whispers
cast off
the folly
that fools
proclaimed
cast them off
for now
they are
besmirched
with shame
cast off
cast off
the rigid mold
and release
thy grip
on the thorns
thou held
for a brighter hour
shall seek
thee out
and reveal to thee
that truer hope
there is about

***

- 6/4/2026

We seek
what we seek
and so
it is sought
and so
we look for it
while the Sun
is risen
and so
we look for it
while the sky
is blue
and not
a shroud
of darkness
adorned with
the occasional star
so we seek
we seek out
what we seek out
we know it
we know it
all too well
our eyes
will recognize it
when we see it
we seek
what is sought after
while the Sun
is risen

***

- 6/5/2026

Where do
my hours go
offered
in sacrifice
to a world
of industry
my sanctuary
is in the forest
at dawn
no industry
is there
there my hours
are blessed
not cursed
there I may feel
the living essence
of the soul
there I feel
the presence
of eternity's light

***

- 6/5/2026

It was
a night
of not
accomplishing
much
as the statues
look on
at nothing
as the Moon
cast light down
upon
the landfill
accomplishing
nothing
tonight
was not
an act
of rebellion
it was
an act of
the cold truth
as tonight
the ravens sleep
tomorrow
they will
visit me
they will seek
to inspire me
to accomplish
something
their efforts
will be in vain
I already know

***

- 6/5/2026

The day
the day
before me
I dread
I dread
there will be toil
of mind
body and spirit
the day before me
I dread
where else to go
what else
to believe
if I never
dream again
so it be
so it be
I dread too much
the toil
that will be
I seek not
escape
though in truth
I would wish it
I dread
I dread
the toil
that awaits
for it is
of a nature
that does not
suit me well
and upon
tomorrow's morn
the bell
the bell
I'll hear

***

- 6/6/2026

So be the bounty
that I may find
not of gold
or vintage wine
so be the bounty
fate will send
my way
it'll be more
a Sunrise
in the forest
or a twilight
by the lake
in the end
and that gold
and that wine
let others find

***

- 6/6/2026

When gazing
upon the
nightly stars
when beholding
those distant
lights so afar
remember that we
go round
one of them to
and maybe
somewhere
someone's
looking back
at you
and the Sun
that gives us
the morning light
that to them
is but
a distant star
in the heavens
of their night

***

- 6/6/2026

It's all been
such a confusing
mess
I'll take it
in stride
if that's the way
that's best
and if it isn't
well what
can I do
do the prophets
speak anymore
to me
or to you
sometimes
life seems
like a bog
and maybe
that's fine
as long
as we have
a jug or two
of a delightful wine

***

- 6/6/2026

Go forth
go forth today
get away
get away
today
go far
go very far
by car
boat
plane
train
just get away
it's all gotten
so insane
go forth
while the night
is still ours
and we can still
be guided
by the light
of the stars

***

- 6/6/2026

I am waiting
for the prophecy
of the cauldron
who will
be made a thane
will I be
made a thane
I probably
won't be
I suspect
the powers
that be detect
a bit
of madness
in me
so the rivers
will flow on
and the givers
will give
and the stars
will rise
and cross
the night eternal
O' vast
night sky eternal

***

- 6/7/2026

I do see
a lasting
monument
to memory
the times change
the winds change
and time
is like
a shifting wind
east
west
north
south
the wind
that is time
blows in all
directions
and we
we are
swept up
by the wind
that is time
and I do
remember
the winds
of yesterday
and I do
dream about
the winds
of tomorrow
as time
is like
a shifting wind
and all around
there are monuments
to lasting memory
remembrance
and now I feel
the wind
that remembers

***

- 6/7/2026

Tell me not
or tell me again
tomorrow
the vipers
will once again
surround my feet
and political winds
will be full
of void
and the absence
of light
and may we all
find reprieve
from sorrowful dreams
the world
beyond the world
gives us
many signs
yet more often
than not
we are
blind to them
so tell me now
once again
about the flowers
the colorful
sanctuary
of escape
the vipers
of tomorrow
are waiting I know
and I must go
to where
they await
tomorrow
tomorrow
for the hour
of my own reprieve
has yet to arrive

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- 6/7/2026